



Mara-ona Presents

ドキッ★
男だらけの
深夜便

Service at midnight of female all-female.



Maru-ma Presents

ドキッ★
男だらけの
深夜便

Service at midnight of female all-male.

Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novel - Ba-bump A Late Night Service With Lots of Men

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Poison Lady in Another Land Part 1

I was going to post this story all at once but I've been super busy and I'm already behind schedule so I figured I'd post what I had so far instead of waiting until I finished the whole thing and it just so happened that I was almost exactly at the midpoint of the story :p That being said, what I have so far is almost the length of a normal chapter so it's not so bad ^-^;;; Anyway, I'm just titling this one as 'D World' because that was the title on the cover of this and the English subtitle provided under it is a bit strange. Also, there are a lot of footnotes~

D World

Part 1

It came fluttering down from the sky
One piece of paper
Like a miracle
I took it in my hand
A letter? I read it and from that moment on
I was a Poison Lady

“There aren't any bars. There is no entertainment. Not too many horses come through either.
I wake up in the morning, wash my face, eat a little bit of beans and water. I have no meat, too. I have no alcohol. A carriage comes once a day.” (1)

Wolfram had suddenly started reading aloud as he sat on the lawn hunched over and staring intently at a book with a troubled look on his face.

“What did you say?”

After I catch the apple I had thrown in the air while I laid on my back, I look at Wolfram. His blonde hair is shining in the afternoon sunlight.

It’s very peaceful.

““This village, I hate it. I hate this village.””

“Yeah, you’re going to Tokyo right? And then you’re going to buy a cat in Tokyo.”

It might not have been a cat that he bought, but if it weren’t for the girly pronoun, it’d be a story that sounds like my dad drunkenly letting off steam by singing a parody of a song. (2)

What he has in his hands is a book that isn’t even a centimeter thick. It’s flexible enough to be rolled up in your hands and is more like a notebook than a book.

“What is that? A diary? You shouldn’t read other people’s diaries, Wolfram.”

“Of course not! I would never do such a tasteless thing. To begin with, I have no interest in diaries that aren’t yours.”

I might need a lock on my drawers. I don’t have a private diary, though.

“It was left in a corner of the anteroom so I borrowed it thinking I would read it. I thought it was the new Poison Lady book.”

“That?”

My voice came out strangely.

If we’re talking about the anteroom, it’s where the soldiers stand guard. Well, there are hardly any disturbances inside the castle so it’s like surveillance at a museum.

When Wolfram and I are there, sometimes Lord Weller drags a chair in and sits around.

If it was left behind there, it might belong to Conrad. He’s a fan of the Poison Lady series as well so it’s possible that he got his hands on the newest book before everyone else. A so-called advance copy.

“I’ve never seen this title so it probably isn’t a previous volume... Maybe it got published while we were away from the capital,” Wolfram says.

“Even so, isn’t it a bit thin? The writing style is different than usual too. It’s a bit too broken up or a bit too much like a war photographer’s report... or a bit bad.”

“But look,” Wolfram says as he closes the book and turns it so I can see the title

on the cover.

I am a Poison Lady from the Countryside

No, something is wrong. Not just ‘something,’ everything is blatantly wrong. In the first place, the binding itself is completely different. Usually it’s a lot bulkier and the surface is covered in red or green cloth. The limited collector’s edition has an extravagant leather binding and normal edition Poison Lady books have better quality paper.

On the other hand, what Wolfram has in his hand is rough and grey and not thick enough to be called a cover.

The title also isn’t very malicious and it’s different than the normal poisonous feel. Even though it’s Poison Lady!

I wonder if it’s a version for someone other than little girls and teenagers.

“Is that really part of the Poison Lady series?”

“It says so, doesn’t it? I don’t think a novel with an eerie title like this wouldn’t be.” Wolfram lightly tosses it to me. I missed it and it landed on my stomach.

If it was from the normal Poison Lady series it might have smashed my solar plexus and I’d be writhing around on the ground. Normally, they’re that thick and heavy.

Surprisingly, the binding wasn’t the only thing cheapened – the papers inside were of considerably poorer quality as well. It was of a quality that made it seem like if a sweaty person turned a page it would get worn out from just that. And then, the beginning of the story was as so:

I, Poison Lady.

“Ehhhh!?”

“Don’t get surprised by the first line. The rest is even more difficult to understand.”

Actually, it was not difficult to understand at all. Rather, it was brief or maybe simple, no, the sentences were short and kind of brief...

I, Poison Lady. Eighteen years old.

*I pick flowers every day. It's work. Because, thread comes out of the flowers.
My family has seven people. Me, Mom, Grandma, and then two younger sisters
and two younger brothers.
I don't have a Dad. I have one, but he's not in the house.
That's okay. It's okay. It's normal.
I'm not married yet. If my younger sisters get married, I might too. After my
younger sisters.
We live near a flower field. My village.
My village is...*

And from there it connected to what Wolfram had read aloud. An introduction to the village and that 'I' hate it. There's nothing in a countryside town and 'my' family is poor. This main character's home life is different than Poison Lady's so far.

"... Isn't this story a little depressing for such a light way of speaking? What if she meets a boy and they fall in love and elope and pretend that it's a shotgun marriage but really they're just going to cross over a pass and catch some crabs?" (3)

"There aren't any crabs, wouldn't you think?"

While I was wondering if I should keep reading, someone came running from far away. Rather than footsteps, I could feel the tremors in the lawn gradually increasing against my back.

"... Stop!" He yelled breathlessly. "Stop reading immediately!"

"Eh, what?"

It was Lord Gwendal von Voltaire coming barging in as if he was going to do a head slide. Normally he doesn't come along with us on our afternoon break so this is a strange turn of events.

"Hey Gwen, what's with that look on your face? How did feeding them milk go this-whoa!"

Before I finished speaking he had snatched the book away. He must have came running in a big hurry because his hair is stuck to his cheeks and his buttons are undone. Wait a minute. Why are his buttons undone in the middle of the day exposing his chest to an almost strange degree?

"No way, were you in the office kitchen doing..."

It's the kind of situation my mother would like. However, Gwendal was looking around oblivious to my discomfort and he tried to shove the book he stole from me into his open clothes.

He tried, and failed.

The *Poison Lady from the Countryside* that he failed to hide fell to the ground with a dry sound. And then, something reddish peaked out from over his shoulder.

"Is thaaaat where it iiiis?"

When Gwendal caught sight of his arch-enemy who had appeared without a sound, his face turned pale. It looks like he can't even turn around.

"A-Anissina."

"Trying to hide from me in the castle is a futile endeavor for someone as large and ungraceful as you. No matter how well you hide, your cute tail will always stick out."

"I, I don't have a tail."

"Really? Yes, I would think so. A cute creature with a tail would never think to hide its mistakes before someone found them, after all."

Wolfram had leaned forward to backup his older brother whose shoulders had slumped, but he still wasn't brave enough to get involved.

When Miss Anissina moved in front of Gwendal, she picked the book up from the lawn. She gingerly grasped it with just two fingers as if she were touching something disgusting.

After holding it before her sky-blue eyes and examining the cover, the Poison Lady sniffs shortly.

"Honestly. I told you to absolutely not take it out, did I not?"

"I'm sorry, I hadn't intended to leave it behind."

"I turned it over to you because you said you were going to use it as data on the climates of various regions. I had wanted to tear this disagreeable thing and burn it, bury it in the ground and feed it to the Earth Skeleton Tribe, after all."

"The Earth Skeleton Tribe don't eat ashe-"

"I was obviously being sarcastic. It was a metaphor for saying that it is useless. It is unnecessary to explain the ecology of demons to me!"

Lord von Voltaire shrunk down even more.

Normally seeing a large man having his spirit broken by a petite woman would be

funny. However, when it's Lady Anissina von Karbelnikoff, the extraordinary Poison Lady, it's a completely different story.

There are few men who can stand tall before her even if they are actually very tall. Or rather, there is next to no one.

"In the first place, you end up doing things like dropping this in the garden somewhere because you went out to give milk to small animals with it in your pocket. I am always warning you, am I not? You cannot put kittens and handheld communication devices in your pocket and warm them up. Books are the same. They are not your boss's shoes so there is no reason to warm them."

"I didn't drop it in the garden."

"Ugh, enough with the excuses. I understand, Gwendal, so hurry up and go back to giving out milk. The cute, hungry kittens are likely waiting for the kind old man to feed them."

Miss Anissina waved her right hand a few times as if she were driving him away. The man who holds the most power in the nation (my assumption) has been treated like a puppy and he sullenly turned his back and walked away.

"Um, I hate to interrupt, but..."

Fortunately, Miss Anissina's attitude towards me is reasonably gentle. I suspect it's not so much that she has respect for me as king, but more that I'm a long way from being chauvinistic. I mean, after being raised by my mother I don't think that I could possibly measure up to women.

"Why are you so angry? How bad is that thin book? Is it top-secret information of the country?"

Now I want to ask 'with that writing style?' but I'll put that aside for the moment. Maybe I mistook it for the description of rural life and there's actually an important code inside it.

"Is there an outrageously important code written into the new book in the Poison Lady series?"

After hearing my question, Miss Anissina paused for a short breath before answering. In an annoyed tone of voice.

"It is absolutely not classified information." She stopped pinching the book between her fingers and then rolled it up. It looks like she can use it as a megaphone or use it to hit someone over the head. "In the first place, who exactly said something random and humiliating like this book being the new

volume in the Poison Lady series?”

“Eh, so it’s not.”

“Of course not!”

“Then why is Poison Lady in the title? What is that? Who wrote it and where did it come from? Is it an imitation from some publisher other than The Central Literary Institute of The Great Demon Kingdom?”

The one and only Poison Lady in this world shook her head vehemently. Her bright red ponytail swings vigorously.

“It is something I want to forget.”

“Something you want to forget?”

“Look here, Your Majesty. Here, at where the author’s name is. What is written there?”

She points to the bottom of the book cover with a neatly trimmed nail. There is brown text there in a row. It’s in a slightly unfamiliar typeface. If the letters and printed papers I normally read are in print, then this is cursive. It’s that sort of style.

Even so, it’s not so bad that I couldn’t read it.

“Um, The Poison Lady Committee.”

If Murata were here with his world-wide knowledge that he’s proud of, he would probably say ‘Ah, it’s a production committee system.’ Actually, he had murmured to himself ‘the production committee’s system list has been added to, huh’ after seeing an advertisement for a movie. I don’t really remember the way it works very well, but it’s probably something like when a bunch of people get together and jointly produce something.

“Huh, so that means that this time it wasn’t you who wrote it? So other authors write Poison Lady.”

“Certainly not! Just who exactly would be able to think up such a wonderfully poisonous story besides myself? In the first place, what do they mean ‘production committee’? There are both good and bad literary works.”

... Was that a pun!? Before I could even interject, the original Poison Lady made a declaration after breathing in roughly through her nose. (4)

“In other words, this is plagiarism!”

“Pervertism? Isn’t that like when an old macho guy wants to dress up in women’s clothes?” (5)

“I know a few muscular men who like women’s clothing but if you ask me whether they are old or not I would be slightly troubled,” Miss Anissina answered with a faraway look. He does that for his job so you should be forgiving. “That muscular man that likes ladies’ clothes... well in short he is Gurrier, but one night he dropped by and left this with me. He said something like ‘Hey, I picked this little something up in another country.’”

That sounds like him.

“But,” I pick up the thin book that was left on the lawn and flip through it again. “This might be a completely different series. I only glanced through the pages, but the writing style is too different. The title and the main character’s job are the only things that are similar.”

‘Ah, a setting under a kingship,’ Murata is saying.

After being flushed away and landing in a foreign world where he got confused about the customs and then all of a sudden became king, he’d just explain it all away by saying ‘Yeah, kingship, it’s a common story.’ After having gone through it myself, I couldn’t just wrap things up by saying it was a common story, though. Therefore, a career called ‘Poison Lady’ might be popular in this world and I just happen to not know about it. If that’s the case, then it wouldn’t be strange for one to become the heroine of a novel and it wouldn’t be odd for Poison Ladies to have a category.

Now that I think about it, don’t I feel like a lot of the time I’ve heard the titles of Miss Anissina’s books somewhere before? (6)

“Yes, I thought so at first as well. Even so, I have definitive proof that this is plagiarism. Wolfram, read starting from the third line on page twenty.”

“Me? Ah, yeah, um... I was shocked and tried to escape. But my legs didn’t move. I looked in the eyes of a big man. They were blue. He laughed. Why? Because I’m weak woman. I said this. ‘Oha, ohaha, you make me laugh. Did you think that the Poison Lady would retreat? Just like physique is not the only thing that decides the outcome of a battle, gender does not equal a weakness. Do not underestimate me because I am a woman. For a large and thick-witted man unable to move properly, you are more of an overgrown cat than a lion. You are not my enemy!’ ... Oh?”

“Huh?”

Wolfram and I spoke at almost the same time.

It wasn't that the sentences were strange or that there were errors or that the tone suddenly changed way too much. I definitely remember hearing, no, reading the words that the main character just said.

"This is what the Poison Lady said to Gwe Dal isn't it..?" (7)

"I think so," I say.

If I remember correctly, after this the insulted party, Gwe Dal, is supposed to yell 'Don't insult kitty's parents! I don't care what you say about me, but the parent kitty definitely isn't thick-headed and isn't overgrown.' And then he challenges the Poison Lady to a sumo match in order to protect the honor of the parent kitty and ends up being completely defeated.

It was such a shocking plot twist that I even remember Dal's last line.

It was 'gyahun!'

By the way, the winning move was him getting carried out of the ring.

Well, to tell the truth, the reason I remember this much so distinctly wasn't because I was surprised by the winning move. It was because I had left the book open while I was doing other things and had inadvertently scribbled on the middle of the page so I thought I should buy another one.

Pencil use hasn't spread much so careless scribbles can't be erased.

"Your Insensitive Majesty and Lord Fiance lacking in literary education should realize the truth after reading this far. Yes, this book is copying lines from the already published book *Poison Lady Anissina Side Story: Poison Lady Anissina and the Sumo Step Now the Strongest After Learning a Foreign World's Fighting Technique* verbatim. In other words, this is," Anissina says proudly as she ignores our confusion and places her hands on her thin hips, "plagiarism!" (8)

"No, but, these few lines might be coincidence..."

"Is there anyone who laughs this openheartedly and cheerfully outside of my Poison Lady books? Furthermore, the misappropriation is not only in this one section. Dal's excuses and last words are used in three places after this. Even so far as the 'gyahun.'"

"Hm."

I could only hum.

When I watch variety shows at dinnertime the comedians generally tell the same jokes and say famous lines from dramas to get a laugh out of people. I doubt that they got permission for everything. If that is accepted as parody then calling

this *Poison Lady from the Countryside* plagiarism is an exaggeration.

“Well, maybe only the person concerned would know for sure,” I say.

“So then, what?” Surprised, I look to my side at Wolfram who is complaining about this complicated topic. “Did you just let the person who used your book go without a word?”

“Of course not. Do you think that I am such a weak woman? If so, that is an outrageous insult. Unspoken agreements and giving up meekly are words that do not suit me at all. Of course this Poison Lady Committee or whatever is to blame and I immediately went to their location.”

Eh? You went all the way to a faraway country over a few lines? Contrary to my slightly apprehensive sentiment, Wolfram was deeply interested. He is energetically captivated as he leans in Anissina’s direction.

“You *did* go! So, what happened? What were they like?”

If it turns into an adventure story I’d like to hear, but if it turns out to be a story of her arbitrarily cornering someone it would be rather unfortunate and I don’t want to hear it. With mixed feelings, I lean back against the tree behind me.

And then, my shoulder is tapped. When I turn around, I see someone who was in town all this morning on business smiling with his finger to his lips.

“Conrad.”

“Shh, it would be bad to interrupt Anissina’s story.”

Lord Conrart Weller stuck only half of his body out from behind the other side of the tree in order to not distract the third son and the Poison Lady.

“I came to tell you that your break is over, but,” he whispers in a voice that I can only just hear, “you seem to be having fun so bringing you back would be mean.”

“No, it wouldn’t be mean at all. It’s work after all. My dad always says work is important. Although I am a bit curious about how Anissina settled the problem with the Poison Lady imitation.”

“Ah, the thing about Presley.”

“What’s that?”

He stands up from his stooped over position after saying ‘No, it’s a story from a long time ago.’ I follow suit and stand up as well and walk quietly away so the fervently speaking Anissina and the attentive Wolfram wouldn’t notice.

“Are you alright with this?”

“It’s fine. If he’s involved in something fun he should prioritize that. Even though

it's my job, I'm always making Wolf keep me company after all."

I'll have him tell me the end of the story later. He'll probably tell Greta about it too, so I'll just listen together with her then. Although hopefully I can stay awake in bed.

"Besides, Conrad, why do you know about the Poison Lady imitation?" I ask as I brush off the grass stuck to my bottom. "Was it that big of an incident?"

"It wasn't really, but, well, I went along on her expedition."

"Huh? By expedition do you mean the trip she took to ask about the imitation?"

"That right, although Anissina used frightening words such as 'suppression.'"

"Wait a minute, why did *you* go?"

"Hm, well, I happened to have free time. You might not be aware of this," he says in a contrary tone that says 'You know, don't you?', "but when you are away, I don't have much to do."

"Free time, huh. But even so, you didn't have to go with her, did you? Miss Anissina is like ten brave men all by herself. She's a Poison Lady, though."

"Yes, of course I didn't go with the intention of being a bodyguard or escort. If I had to say, it was the opposite."

Lord Weller moves behind me and lightly brushes off my back as we walk. Damn it. I was lying on my back so I've probably got grass all over me from my head to my toes.

"The opposite?"

"The diplomatic relations with the country where *Poison Lady of the Countryside* was written aren't very well established, so apparently Gwendal thought it would be bad if Lady von Karbelnikoff suddenly went there and tarnished the image of the demons. However, Gwen certainly couldn't go with her and Günter was busy with various duties here and there so it fell to me since I had a lot of time on my hands because Your Majesty was absent."

"Ah... Well I guess if the first demon they had contact with was Miss Anissina then that might cause a lot of misunderstandings."

Even though that's the reasoning Gwendal gave, on the inside he was probably worried about his dear Anissina. In any case, Conrad was told to go along with her to the author's location while she investigated the matter of the Poison Lady series' imitation.

"The Countryside. They wrote 'countryside' but in reality it wasn't all that rural

there.”

“Eh, then that was just to appeal to people’s compassion to get them to sympathize with the character? I mean, they’re pretty good. I guess that’s a given.”

“Like I thought.” Conrad tilts his head with a slightly troubled look. Then without looking he dodges a child that came running by. “You’re more interested in Anissina’s tale than paperwork.”

“No, no that’s not it. It’s okay if I hear the end of it later!”

“I’ll tell you.”

“Eh? You will?”

He sighs as if he’s saying it can’t be helped. That reminds me of the eldest son, but the part of Conrad that is somewhat amused isn’t the same. His sigh wasn’t out of exasperation, but more of giving in or even a bit like he was having fun.

“Well then, I’ll tell you. I’ll go over all the facts in great detail. However, in between breaks at work, okay? After you resolve three cases or when the documents thin out a little, like that.”

“Like running to the next telephone pole even though you’re exhausted.”

It was a really effective technique during my elementary school’s harsh marathon race. However, unfortunately the city’s electric cables are being moved underground lately so it’s a technique that’s gradually becoming unusable.

(1) Linguistic note! The person in the book that Wolfram is reading from is speaking a bit haltingly and uses a word for ‘I’ that indicates that they are female (atashi). They also leave out a lot of particles and they don’t use much kanji in the writing so it’s made fairly obvious that they are either very young or haven’t learned how to write very well. I’m guessing it’s the latter. Most of it gets lost in translation although I did keep the few, tiny grammatical errors, but the best I could do style-wise was try and make the sentences as brief as possible. Anyway, just wanted to call attention to that.

(2) This is a reference to a song called ‘Ora Toukyousa Igu Da’ (I’m going to

Tokyo) by Yoshi Ikuzou. By the way, this name is a pseudonym that means 'Alright, let's go.' What Wolfram has been reading out of the book is very similar to the song's lyrics. The animal the person in the song bought was a 'beko' (cow) which is a word from his local dialect in Aomori prefecture. The standard word is 'ushi.' The reason Yuuri says cat is because 'beko' sounds a lot like the Japanese for cat --> 'neko.'

(3) The general consensus among me and everyone I asked is that this is definitely a reference to something, but we can't figure out what it is XD

(4) So there was a pun in what Anissina said that I couldn't really work an English one into. Production committee in Japanese is 'seisaku inkai' and what Anissina said was 'seisaku iinkai' which then means 'Is the production good?' So, in the end, it reads as: In the first place, what do they mean 'is the production good'? There are both good and bad literary works.

(5) Puns again~ Plagiarism and the word used for perversion here have the same pronunciation, 'tousaku.'

(6) Just in case you forgot or you've skipped ahead to this story, all of Anissina's Poison Lady books are parodies of Harry Potter titles.

(7) The man's name here is written in kanji (具 上樽) and the pronunciation is written on the side of these characters as 'Gu Uedaru' which is essentially Gwendal's name without the 'n' (Guuendaru). The kanji mean tool, above/up, barrel, but I'm fairly sure that they were just picked for their pronunciation ^-^

(8) The book title, or part of it, is a parody of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* which is Harry Potter 'to shi no hihou' in Japanese. The Poison Lady book is Poison Lady Anissina 'to shiko wo fumou' which means to do the shiko in Sumo which is the ceremonial leg stomps that wrestlers do before a match that is supposed to drive away demons.

....*

The place where Lady Anissina von Karbelnikoff and Lord Weller landed was a country that bordered The Great Demon Kingdom but was faster to reach by

going down a river on a ship than by travelling over land. After the two oarsmen steered the boat down the narrow and winding river, they arrived in a country that was mostly whitish-brown and green.

A country where the residents were weak and thinning and vacant-eyed children and dogs sat along the roadside... was not the sort of land it was.

The fields rich with water were flush with uninterrupted greenery and the women going back and forth on the well-tread dirt roads were healthy and while their clothes were old, they were clean.

The lined up houses were small, but they had roofs and walls and the men were doing things on the patios like amusing themselves with games or leisurely drinking tea and alcohol. Children with baggage were running around and there were no people struggling for the basic necessities to be seen.

In other words, it was a country that was wealthy in its own way.

"This is unexpected." Anissina's shoulders slump. "I had imagined a country with nothing."

"Like I said before," said Lord Weller who had travelled to various lands in all directions. He listened to the local dialect of this country he hadn't visited in a while. "This isn't a poverty stricken area on the continent. If you travel by horse for a while from this harbor you'll reach a farming village, but even there it isn't difficult to live. That's right, it's about the size of a mid-sized village in The Great Demon Kingdom. Although it is definitely rural."

"But this letter shape is a calligraphic style used widely in this region and the name of the publishing origin matches up."

"I think so. However, I'm not a scholar."

Thinking that they should first head to the publisher, Anissina and Conrad hire a stagecoach and head out from the harbor towards the capital.

The reason I'm not saying the name is because I had a hard time pronouncing it. It's not only long, it requires the sophisticated technique of rolling r's so I end up biting my tongue when I repeat it three times. The proper nouns are really complicated. Although my kingdom's official name has a ridiculous amount of letters in it so we're both the same in this regard.

"Is this city Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz?"

"Yeah, this is Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz."

"Then where is the Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz

Publisher?”

“I’ve never heard of Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz Publishing, but there’s a bakery called Nmosserakkomohirohee West Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibazpabliishing.” (1)

“Then where is that Nmosserakkomohirohee West Nonnanadoanmitchigro-ow!”
Like that.

She was speaking crudely, but she was a middle-aged woman with a good physique. She wasn’t merely overweight; her upper arms and shoulders were solid and she had enough strength to easily control two horses. Her glossy cheeks were sunburned red and she laughed at her customer who bit his tongue without any malice.

“It’s difficult for foreigners.”

Anyway, Anissina and Conrad showed her *I am a Poison Lady from the Countryside* in order to locate the publishing company. When they did, the stagecoach driver said ‘ah’ with a big nod.

“I’ve heard of *that*. There isn’t anyone who doesn’t know about that book because a lot of people have read it.”

After hearing the driver’s answer, the two of them looked at each other, or they would have but instead Anissina let out a bold laugh and Conrad drew back his shoulders with a bad premonition. Their reactions were completely opposite. It seems this pair won’t work together smoothly.

“Be that as it may, if many people have read it that means that the people of this country have high educational standards.”

“Educational... what? Well, there are a lot of people who can’t read or write, but to make up for that they went to have it read to them. Once every ten days there is a read along meeting. There’s a large stone building on the outskirts of this town and they have people read stories to them. It’s called the Poison Lady Palace.”

“The Poison Lady *Palace*?”

This time, the timing of their outbursts was perfect.

(1) I'm abbreviating the town name for this footnote to N. N., lol. Anyway, Publisher/Publishing in Japanese is 'shuppan' and then the person Conrad asked said she doesn't know of 'N. N. chuppan,' which doesn't really mean anything and was likely them mishearing, but instead knows of a 'N. West N. chuupan' bakery. Chuupan here is written like it's part of the name (and thus meaningless), but it sounds like 'kiss-bread' in Japanese (chuu + pan).

Aaand, that's where I'm cutting it off. I'm not entirely sure why Conrad is telling his story while referring to himself in the third person o.O;;

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood: busy

Current Music: Cha La Head Cha La by FLOW

Poison Lady in Another Land Part 2

Part DEUX! So I figured out after reading this half that *Yuuri* is apparently telling(re-telling?) the story that Conrad is telling so that's why there's this weird mix of 1st and 3rd POV and why the narration keeps switching between 'Anissina' and 'Miss Anissina.' Now I feel like it was super obvious so apparently I managed to confuse myself over nothing. Although, Takabayashi-sensei really went out of her way to make the names of everything and everyone as confusing as possible so I use that in my defense... somehow XD

Oh, I also learned this week that Poison Lady is actually a pun using kanji. There's an abbreviation for single woman (dokushin josei/独身女性 -> doku onna/独女) and Poison Lady (doku onna/毒女) has the same pronunciation. That's pretty mean ^-^;; But yay for learning new things~

Part 2

When I unintentionally drop the pen, a few drops of ink splatter onto the cold desk.

"I, I got a bad feeling. What's the Poison Lady Palace?"

I have a pretty good idea, but I asked just to be sure.

"It was a building built with the proceeds from *Poison Lady from the Countryside*."

Like I thought.

The edges of the documents I had been waging war with until just now float up in the wind coming in through the window. A pretty paperweight was firmly holding the remainder in place on the desk. The writing in the afternoon reports

today is tiny, too hastily written and hard to understand! Because of this triple handicap, I can't really approve of them with a signature.

That's a lie. The reality is that I was too interested about the details regarding the Poison Lady imitation so I wasn't processing the information as fast as I normally do.

Consequently, the plan of running to the next telephone pole was a failure. I mean, I really want to know about this trip for two that Miss Anissina and Conrad took together.

And yet, Lord Weller continued his story at each short break without looking displeased.

It's really lucky that it wasn't Günter or Gwen on duty today.

"When a movie or drama on Earth is a big hit, they do things like build buildings and such with the proceeds, right?"

"Hm, I wonder. I'm not too sure, but I think there was a Doraemon building. Shouri probably knows more about that sort of thing. But... so it sold that well, that book."

"It seems to have been quite a best seller."

The unexpected, absurdly good reception of an imitation. I wonder what the original Poison Lady Miss Anissina felt like at the time. I get harassed for relating everything to baseball, but in this case I really can't make a comparison.

"Well, what happened next?"

"In short, we met the author of *I am a Poison Lady from the Countryside*."

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The 'Poison Lady Palace' the stagecoach driver told them about was in a place nearly half a day away from the harbor town by horse. Once they arrived at the area, the surroundings were indeed fields as far as the eye could see and there were traces of the countryside the main character had mentioned repeatedly. Perhaps this land was a model for the story.

The two-story structure of light brownish, stacked bricks was grander than any in the town they were just in. It had the length and width of a boat that crosses the ocean and inside there were women who seemed to be employees working

busily. There were even decorative flowers placed on both sides of the entrance.

“Perhaps it’s more of a print shop than a publisher.”

“It seems so. And quite a large one as well.”

Apparently they had moved to the countryside where land was in excess following their business expansion.

When Miss Anissina threatene-... no, asked at the reception desk, she was immediately allowed to meet the company president. Getting what she wants after visiting without an appointment and furiously demanding that the person in charge be brought out is one of her amazing qualities.

If it were me, I would have been thrown out in the blink of an eye and it would have all been over in three seconds.

“Greetings. I am the Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz District's Reading Read Along Society's Society President, Nhamputty Dumputchanmarchmote.”

If my mom were here with her extensive general knowledge of all fighting styles, she'd ask ‘Where's Bull Nakano?’ It was the sort of name that would dazzle her. Since I was an idiot who thought that Shinobu Kandori was a man, I was just relieved that the name wasn't that long. (1)

When proper nouns are unnecessarily long my head gets shaken up even when I just hear them.

The Reading Read Along Society's (they don't say publisher?) Society President, Nhamputty Dumputchanmarchmote was an old man with a white beard sitting in a recliner, not at a desk for a company president of a large business.

“I also act as the editor of the Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz Occasional Newspaper. Even though I look like this, I was a strapping, young, competent reporter who ran out to ranches and poultry farms to get interviews and wrote articles that were so wonderful that readers would be entranced.”

What sort of newspaper was that? Miss Anissina hated chickens so her cheeks twitched, but she determinedly endured and pressed on.

“They must have thought that I was a special person for being able to write such wonderful articles. Nowadays, I'm the editor and of course I want to leave the Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz Occasional Newspaper to my grandchild. If you want to know why, it is because he is also,

yet again, a special person.”

Conrad’s heart was pounding wondering when Anissina would explode and he seemed to be impatient thinking ‘Is Miss Anissina going to go off on this old president who likes talking about the past?’

However, as people who belonged to the same industry, they of course could not forget to have respect for each other’s work. The author stoically endured the highly meandering speech of the editor and waited for an opportunity to break in.

“And next, I thought to release military fiction to the world-”

“Yes, yes, speaking of military stories, Poison Lady!” The forcefulness was in proportion to how long she waited. “Actually, I came here to inquire about *I am a Poison Lady from the Countryside* which was published here. Who is the author of this book? Bring them here immediately!”

“Anissina, be a little nicer...”

The old president seemed to be a bit overwhelmed by the original Poison Lady’s threatening attitude, but he immediately called out to a girl who was passing by outside the door.

“Hey, these guests want to ask about PoCo.”

“Understood.”

PoCo really sounds like the nickname for a beloved story. If so, then The Great Demon Kingdom’s version is PoAni. It kind of sounds like an older brother with a bad attitude. Then maybe AniSeri? Now that kind of sounds like an older brother with a naked butt. (2)

The girl he called out to came in to stand before the guests while carrying a box big enough to hide her face. It might be rude calling her a girl. Up close, she was an adult who had long passed twenty.

“Thank you for waiting, I am Nfurumorifurumorishiryunkeff.”

Apparently there are a lot of names that start with ‘N.’ Also, somehow there are some sounds that sound like Japanese family names in them. Although, not only are they foreigners they’re also from another world so I can only believe that it’s a complete coincidence.

But if their names are this long, it’s amazing that the books they write are so short. They’re probably really good at editing out unnecessary parts.

“Are you the author of *Poison Lady from the Countryside*?”

“No, it is not me.”

“It, is not you?”

“No, I am not the author.”

After the short exchange that sounded like it was going to continue with ‘then, are you a pen?’ Miss Anissina and Conrad heard something unbelievable. (3)

While putting the box down on the floor, Miss Furumori said, “I couldn’t write a story as long as that one.”

Long!?

If what the two of them were thinking appeared in speech bubbles like in manga, their surprise would have reached all the way to the ceiling. Anissina involuntarily squeezes the booklet she had rolled up into a tube. It’s not thick at all. If this is considered a long story, then what would the Poison Lady Series published in The Great Demon Kingdom be? It would be treated like an ultra-long novel, a hellishly long book, or possibly a lethal weapon, something like a blunt weapon.

“It took a year and a half to write PoCo. It is incredibly long. They started writing the sequel, but the completion is scheduled for two years from now.”

For someone with an excellent writing speed, Anissina shook her head in amazement.

“A year and a half to publish a thin book... If they were in The Great Demon Kingdom they would be branded with the mark of a useless author. Well, they say that publishing circumstances are different in each country so it is not our place to comment. However, the contents of the book are a different matter. I am asking for the author of PoCo. Where is the actual author?”

“Um,” Miss Furumori held her index finger to her chin and checked the calendar on the wall. “They don’t come today. They’ll come tomorrow, maybe. Perhaps in the early morning.”

“I see, a morning person.”

“No, it’s harvest time for the flowers so they are busy now. If you would like, you can stay here. We have an overnight room with beds. We warmly welcome guests from other countries. Especially women.”

(1) Bull Nakano was a female Pro Wrestler. What Yuuri's referring to is the flashy ring names of Pro Wrestlers. Bull Nakano in particular was in a tag team with another wrestler named Dump Matsumoto and 'Dump' is the first part of the second name of the president (in case your eyes just glazed over the names like mine did XD). Shinobu Kandori was also a Pro-Wrestler, but now she's a member of the House of Councillors which is the upper house of Japan's National Diet.

(2) Okay, so the abbreviation for PoCo in Japanese is Aidoku -> (atashi wa inaka no doku onna). The abbreviation I made uses the same parts in English minus the 'a' from 'atashi' (I) because I thought IPoCo/Ipoco sounded weird. As for the PoAni and AniSeri, those are jokes. PoAni was DokuAni -> Poison Ani(ssinna). 'Ani' can also mean older brother and the word for poison in Japanese is also used to express ill will or abusive words so that's where the older brother with a bad attitude comes from. AniSeri was AniShiri, 'shiri' here being short for 'shiriizu' which is Katakana English for 'series,' so it was like an abbreviation for the Anissina Series. However, 'shiri' also means butt so it sounds like Big Brother Butt.

(3) This is a joke about learning how to speak English. The typical beginner's lesson is 'This is a pen. Is this a pen? Yes, this is a pen. Is this your pen? No, it is not my pen.' It's repetitive and annoying and is something that gets made fun of a lot XD

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"The moment I heard that, I felt that my job had just become harder."
Conrad lightly closed his eyes with his arms crossed and let out a slightly exaggerated sigh. It was really too much like his older brother. He might be mimicking His Excellency Lord Gwendal von Voltaire.

"Hm? Why?"

"I hear the words 'women are very welcome' a lot – in lands where the security is

poor. You receive a warm reception, get drunk, go to sleep, and in the morning you wake up and the lady that was with you has-

“Grown a beard or something?”

He frowned at me. What kind of memory did he just remember?

“No, they are gone. They’re kidnapped and in the worst case are sold off.”

“Ah, for sex work? That sort of dangerous story is in period dramas too. No matter how hard I try, I can’t imagine Miss Anissina being a victim of that sort, though. But on the outside she looks like a beautiful lady so there would be the danger that she’d be targeted by people who don’t know how she is on the inside.”

“That’s right, it would endanger the life of the other party.”

If I were to interject, this would be where I would say ‘That’s what you were worried about!?’ and slap him with the back of my hand. However, considering the attack power and HP of Poison Lady Anissina, the risk on the criminal’s side is obviously greater.

“It is indeed a heinous crime, but like you guessed, Anissina would not show the slightest bit of compassion to a villain. Especially if their target was women, she would have been capable of blowing the building away along with the criminals.”

“Yeah.”

Even if she’s rotten, she’s one of The Great Demon Kingdom’s Three Great Witches. Even if she’s not rotten, she’s the world famous Poison Lady Anissina. She’d likely shout that ‘offense is the best defense’ and crush that building in the middle of the fields with one hit.

“From the beginning, the purpose for me accompanying her was to prevent Anissina from rampaging. Given the situation, my job was very important. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her for even the slightest moment. Therefore...”

Hey now, we’ve come to the part that’s going to be on the test. I instinctively grip the pen I picked up.

“... You stayed the night. With her.”

“Yes. In any case, there was only one overnight room, after all.”

“... You stayed the night. In the same room as someone else’s girlfriend.”

“Yes, there was a big bed but it was the only one... wait, who is whose girlfriend!?” While he had strangely been going along with the joke, Conrad started to actually get flustered. “I’m whose boyfriend and Anissina is whose

girlfriend!?”

“I won’t dare comment on *that*, but... but isn’t that a really inappropriate relationship?”

“Not at all! Not a single suspicious thing happened!”

“But you slept there. An adult man and woman. Overnight. In the same room. Actually, in the same bed. Wow.”

‘Not being able to pretend he didn’t hear’ had now become ‘not being able to let it pass without comment.’

“Wait a minute, what are you getting all excited by yourself for? There was absolutely nothing, not the slightest bit, not the tiniest sliver of anything for you to imagine there!”

I hardly ever get to see Conrad this agitated. He may have realized he was behaving poorly as he slowly and deliberately lifted his cup and drained it of the cold tea. Contrary to the effects of caffeine, he seemed to have regained his composure.

Tch, how boring.

“Listen, when you get to be my age, even if a woman is sleeping next to you, you won’t have that sort of feeling.”

“Eh, but my grandpa always says that the secret to youth and a long life is to always be a pervy human.”

“Is Your Majesty’s grandfather near a hundred?”

“Not yet.”

“Like I thought. You mustn’t underestimate centenarians.”

I’m not sure just what sparks pride in people. Unbelievably, I’ve just been bragged to about being a withered old man.

“Be that as it may, going on a trip for two with a sibling’s fiancé and spending the night with them in the same bed...”

“Please stop, I’m not Gwendal.”

“Gwen’s done something like that!?”

“... Didn’t he?”

“EHHH!?”

Astonished to the very bottom of my heart, I almost flipped over along with my chair. With all the talk about him loving bunnies and loving kitties and then with him looking so straight-laced, he was surprisingly passionate. Well, I could

acknowledge that he would be single-minded in love based upon the brothers and their mother.

But, it's a bit unfortunate so I won't ask how that turned out. I don't know which younger brother had the former-fiancé, but since all three of them are living the bachelor's life at the moment that romance obviously didn't amount to anything. (1)

"So please," Conrad points to the envelope near my hand, "don't write 'Eldest Brother -> Anissina <- Second Brother.' You don't have to remember something like that."

"Whoa, I did it again. Scribbling while listening to someone."

Apparently I have that habit. Luckily it was an envelope from something already finished, but it would have been terrible if it was an important document. Maybe this is something I genetically inherited from my mother who draws geometrical designs while she's on the phone.

"Now that you mention it, you're taking a lot of notes, aren't you."

"It sounds nice calling them notes, but they're mostly meaningless scribbles. Well, I forget things easily. There's a lot to remember, after all."

If I had to say, I'm someone who remembers better when they write things down rather than just looking at them. Before tests, I'd do things like trace all of the English words in my notebooks with a red pen. But, usually I'd get tired of the simple motions and couldn't pull an all-nighter, so I'd switch over to studying in my sleep.

"In the past I've quickly scribbled things like Günter's explanations and the contents of a speech I was being forced to make the next day onto the pages of an open book in front of me. You can't erase ink so the pages were so blackened I had to buy a new one later."

"What speech was that?"

"That was, um, I think at some decade's anniversary of a civilian benefit society and it was a ceremony praising their hard work. I said things like 'Without monopolizing the riches amassed over this long time—' and 'This pride you have supported amongst each other, shared amongst each other—.' While I was completely embarrassed. Their savings and investments and loan structures were explained to me in incredible detail, but I had already forgotten most of it."

"What happened to that book?"

“I wonder. I think it must have been thrown away. Why?”

Conrad gave a short hum and tilted his head to the side. I wonder if he has an idea about that?

(1) Linguistic note~ In Japanese, when a man is unmarried and is making good money or just well-off they're called 'single nobles' (dokushin kizoku). Yuuri says here that '... since all three of them are quite literally 'single nobles'...' because they're actual nobility. On a side note, I want to smack Yuuri for not realizing that Conrad was referring to when Gwendal and Yuuri were chained together in Svelera. And also that Wolfram's not single.

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He had imagined the overnight room as a place where a lot of bunk beds were lined up like in a military camp, but the Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchig... it's no use, I can't remember it all... that Reading Read Along Society's room only had one large bed in the middle of it.

“By the way, there is no overnight room in The Central Literary Institute of The Great Demon Kingdom.”

“Ah, so there's no night shift there.”

“No, they endorse using sleeping bags.”

After buying emergency rations in town and making a meal of that and tea courtesy of the Reading Read Along Society, Miss Anissina brushed her teeth and washed her face and quickly laid down to sleep. There's no chance that she would say that 'I can't sleep if I don't take a bath' as she was the Poison Lady whose specialty is setting up camp and sleeping outdoors. Instead, she placed a pillow in the middle of the bed and was muttering something softly. Is that supposed to divide the territory?

While making a place to sleep on the floor with a borrowed blanket, Conrad said with a strained laugh, “You don’t have to go so far as to make a boundary line like that to protect yourself. I’ll sleep on the floor.”

“Huh? What are you saying~?” While knowing the answer, she purposely puts a hand to her ear as she asks again. “The one who needs to defend themselves is you, is it not? If you carelessly roll around on the floor, your head might end up having to greet your body in the morning. Are you listening? I am now going to plant a seed in this pillow and oh, how curious, oh my, how curious!”

After the Poison Lady stuffed a seed about the size of sesame into the pillow, it sprouted before their eyes and a plant like a small sunflower popped up. There is a bud, but it hasn’t bloomed yet.

“Tralalalalalaa! The magic-powered security plant, Mr. Securiflower. When this Mr. Securiflower blooms it patrols around the designated area. And then, it mercilessly eliminates intruders as soon as it discovers them.” (1)

“Eliminates...”

“Yes, mercilessly. No matter how much they hold their breath or silence their footsteps it is useless, useless, useless! After all, Securiflower reacts to light and heat and will turn in that direction. So, Lord Weller, if you’re nervous down on the floor as well, you’ll be completely eliminated.”

At that moment, the magic-powered plant’s bulb opened with a snap. In the center surrounded by yellow petals, there was an eye the size of a fist!

Almost simultaneously, three legs the color of roots popped out of the bottom of the pillow that could be considered the lower half of the plant. Before he could get used to the fibrils that looked like leg hair, it vigorously jumped off of the bed.

Miss Anissina smiled and laughed and then lightly tapped the spot next to her. “Hurry and come over here.”

It seems that this is the first time in Conrad’s life that he’s received such a terrifying invitation even though he is someone who has lived through many battles. I see, like this there’s no way anything would happen even if an extraordinarily popular man is together with a woman.

It was all well and good that he was lying next to Miss Anissina, but if he closed his eyes to sleep he would hear the heavy and steady footsteps of that brutal plant walking around and if he opened his eyes, his gaze would meet its glaring

eye.

“... Um, I apologize for interrupting your sleep, but Anissina... is there a way to stop that plant..?”

“Mupiiiiii, mupiiii.”

She was sound asleep.

In the end, he realized it had brightened outside the windows without him sleeping at all. As if it were following suit, Mr. Securiflower closed its petals and by the time dawn broke it had returned to a docile bud. Conrad had a brief moment of respite, but then several voices travelled down the hallway as if they had estimated when the security would end.

Are they intruders? No, no, if so then they would have gotten to work during the night instead of waiting until it got bright out. While Conrad was warily coming to a conclusion as an escort, Miss Anissina quickly changed and washed up and opened the door to the overnight room.

There was nothing cautious about it. In other words, it seems these two really don't work well together.

“Good morning, ladies and gentlemen of Nmosserakkomohirohee Nonnanadoanmitchigroggeyabibaz.”

The Poison Lady, proud from the very beginning of the day, enters the room where the voices were coming from without even so much as knocking. Miss Furumori turns around in surprise. Around thirty women from who knows where had gathered in the excessively large workroom at this early hour.

Starting with Miss Furumori, about seven people sat at the front of the room and the rest were neatly lined up into rows. By all appearances, they were of various ages from teens to old women who would be receiving pensions if they were in Japan. The only common factor was that they all held worn out bundles of paper money.

At that exact moment, the last person, a human around thirty, was handing money to a woman with a baby on her back.

Anissina's expression turned harsh.

“Certainly you have not planned on dividing your money amongst yourselves and escaping in the middle of the night now that I have found you.”

“Uh, it's already morning. And moreover, why would we escape in the middle of the night?”

Apparently, even after all this time they still don't know that the objective of their foreign guests is to investigate the unauthorized use of the Poison Lady Series.

Despite the early hour, Nfurumorifurumorishiryunkeff of the Reading Read Along Society invited the two guests into the work area with a smile and began to introduce the other members.

"Like I said yesterday, these people are the authors. They wrote PoCo while consulting with these seven people including myself, Nyacchamokurofubonki, Nnkumorigarasunomukouha, Nnaseraditokyo..." (2)

The names continued on for six people. Besides the fact that I wouldn't have remembered, not even Conrad had remembered them.

One was an old woman, one was a girl about twenty or so, another was a child around elementary school age, the other three were middle-aged women. Miss Furumori repeats once again.

"We wrote it together."

"Ah, so it is not just one person, because it is a production committee system."

"That's right. But the one who thought of this long and amazing story first was Miss Nyaccha."

The most timid of the seven, the girl about twenty, was pushed forward. There was loud applause from the few dozen people who had handed over money. Nyaccha was a girl whose face you couldn't see unless you moved her bangs out of the way and she was struggling to back up even just one step because she seemed to not be very good at standing in the open.

"Miss Nyaccha is amazing. From just one sheet of paper, she thought up such a long and poignant story."

"... One sheet, of paper?"

With a smile spread across her entire face, Miss Furumori praised her shy coworker.

"That's right! And also, after she deciphered the cramped and untidy writing on the backside of the paper, she thought up a way for all the women to be happy in this country. She's smart. Miss Nyaccha is really amazing!"

"I'm not, I'm not amazing. It was just, that was just um..."

"That was just um' what?" Anissina asked the frightened girl in a calm voice. She hadn't intended to intimidate or threaten her. However, Miss Nyaccha got

scared at once and hid behind Miss Furumori.

Even those who have perfectly normal sociability involuntarily get a cold sweat running down their back when questioned by Lady Anissina von Karbelnikoff. A girl with an intense fear of strangers would have no chance.

“Is it something you cannot tell me?”

“No, tha-, that’s not, it.”

“One morning, Miss Nyaccha picked up a piece of paper that came falling down from the sky. She was on her way to work in the fields. Of course it didn’t come falling down, but got blown to her by the wind,” Miss Furumori explained unabashedly with her normal, cheery smile. She might be a simpleton who knew nothing of fear, but in this sort of situation, that was worth more than a will of steel. “A strong woman who could fight men without losing was written about on that paper. Also, share your saved money with everyone, distribute it when needed, and things like methods to gather together if you save too much were written on it as well. Although, the writing was sloppy and I couldn’t read it. PoCo is the story that Miss Nyaccha thought up after reading that. A story where women don’t lose to men because they’re women, where gender is irrelevant. Did you read it to the end?”

As a member of the production committee, that was something she was very interested in. If possible, she’d like to hear your impressions. She’d be even happier if you said it was enjoyable.

“Yes, I did read until the end. I read it, but I cannot believe that actually happened.”

“Eh? What’s wrong with the end of that book?” Conrad asked.

Without answering the question, Anissina silently held out the book. Conrad opens the PoCo that was handed to him to a page near the end. It was an impatient way of reading that accepted spoilers and was against the rules. The simple composition written there wrapped up with the main character becoming a splendid Poison Lady through a battle with the men who were oppressing women.

However, the Poison Lady was not an unrivalled female warrior who used poison.

Until now, the men stole it from us.

Even if we women work, and work.

The men who are always playing keep all the money to themselves.
But, if it were me, this money, I won't keep it to myself.
I won't monopolize it.
I won't give money to men who won't work anymore.
I won't let them keep the money, or the land for themselves.
Therefore, I, Poison Lady.

(1) The Mr. Securiflower is an interesting pun because it's more of a play on the writing itself. In the original Japanese, it's called Mr. Patrolman (mimawari-kun/ミマワリくん) but it's written in Katakana like sunflower (himawari/ヒマワリ) normally is. So, it ends up being a pun even though it's the same pronunciation because patrolman is usually written as 見回り. I hope the name I gave it in English isn't too lame XD

(2) So the last two names were actually names of songs smashed together. The first is from an anime called Maria-sama ga Miteru, [Kumori Garasu no Mukou](#) or The Other Side of the Cloudy Glass. The last one is [Una Sera di Tokyo](#) by The Peanuts. Logic would dictate that the first name is also the name of a song, but I can't find one that matches up.

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“Eh, wait, it's so different from the original Poison Lady Series that I still can't figure it out, but that Poison Lady wasn't actually a Poison Lady, but an Antimonopoly Lady!?” (1)

“In business terms, I believe antimonopoly has a different meaning, but at the very least it meant that no one kept the money made off of how big a hit *I am a Poison Lady from the Countryside* was to themselves.

“Huh, I had thought that the end result would have been that ‘I was inspired by

Poison Lady Anissina and the Sumo Arena Demon to write a short novel and made a huge profit and built a Poison Lady Palace and broke out of my impoverished life!”

Somehow it seems like I was thinking up a gossipy story so I started to feel guilty. Not everyone yearns for a rich lifestyle and lives for money.

“And then, what did Miss Anissina do after learning the truth? Even though the money they earned was effectively used for everyone, it doesn’t change the fact that they used a part of *Poison Lady Anissina and the Unclean Loss of the Slipped Loincloth...*” (2)

While prudently telling me that I’ve been getting the title wrong, Conrad squinted his eyes as if avoiding the sunlight. I wonder if he’s laughing.

“Well, Lady von Karbelnikoff said this.”

Anissina squinted her eyes to guard against the early morning sunlight. And then, in a voice that had not the slightest trace of coldheartedness from before, she said ‘Is that so?’ and nodded.

“If a short novel was made that brought happiness to women, then that person who wrote the first story on that piece of paper that came falling down is undoubtedly pleased somewhere far away.”

(1) Poison Lady here is a pun on an abbreviation. I explained in the beginning that doku onna was a pun on the abbreviation for single woman(dokushin josei), and this was a pun on antimonopoly woman (dokusen kinshi onna).

(2) The titles that Yuuri is making up both have to do with sumo. The first is obvious, but the second one refers to the fact that you can actually lose a sumo match if your loincloth comes off.

I might end up having afternoon tea outside as well, so I pour a warm drink into the magic-powered thermos (it really doesn't need magic) and left the office. On the lawn that I was lying on at noon, Wolfram is listening intently to Anissina's story as if he's about to sit in a seiza position. The story of the Poison Lady imitation dispute being told by the person herself was nearing the climax. "And then I made a declaration. Everyone get down on your knees and each and every one of you press your foreheads to the ground and apologize, Poison Lady Production Committee or whatever you are called. All of you, shall I rip your arms from your shoulders so you cannot do something like this ever again? Or shall you repent, beg for atonement, and vow to use all the wealth you have amassed for the women of this country? If so, then I would not neglect to overlook your evil deeds this time."

The gestures gave the perfect impact, but wait a minute. The story is different. "And then the women trembled and promised to let go of all of the royalties and use them for the rights and security of women. Because of that, I did not persecute the ones who used the name of Poison Lady to publish a book and let them be. After all, the true Poison Lady's heart is wider than the ocean and more passionate than a volcano."

In her trademark pose of her hands on her waist and her chest proudly thrust forward, she sniffed approvingly. In short, this ending is the Lady Anissina von Karbelnikoff version. It doesn't matter which one is true.

Just then there was a pause in the story, so I waved the small thermos with nice timing.

"Hey, it's already three o'clock. It's snack time according to Japan time."

"Yuuri, where did you go!?"

"What do you mean, where? Work. Lunch break ended, after all."

After hearing that, Wolfram looked slightly embarrassed. There's nothing for him to be worried about. Various, miscellaneous matters are the king's job and I usually just make him keep me company.

"Even so, you were gone when I finally realized... you missed most of the important details didn't you?"

"Not exactly. I know a lot about it."

"Then you know that Anissina threw candy at the editor and stepped on them

with her heel and beat their rotten personality back into shape? How about the room they stayed in being too unsecure and a frightened Conrart cried and begged her to let him sleep with her?”

“... I didn’t know about that.”

‘Right?’ the third son said as he laughed proudly like a puppy.

“The end seemed to be different than I imagined it, too. Tell me all about it later.”

“Of course. I wrote down the main points while I listened. Um, and then what happened?”

His gaze fell to the booklet on his lap and he tried to read the short notes he had taken. However, what he had in his hand was the only copy of *I am a Poison Lady from the Countryside*.

“Ah! What did you do, Wolf, writing notes in the actual *Poison Lady from the Countryside* book. Right now it’s important data for Gwendal.”

“Damn... I didn’t have any paper so I just...”

“Even though you spend so much time with me at work, you don’t have to take after that part of me...”

“But it’s okay. I thought something like this might happen so I used this newly developed pencil with the Queen’s seal on it.”

Ah, if so then it should be erasable by the eraser in the King’s seal office supply series. What a relief. We don’t have to buy a new one. Thankfully, pencil use has started to appear in The Great Demon Kingdom.

However, apparently it wasn’t erasing well and Wolfram was shifting the angle of the book and pressing it into his lap while fussing over it again and again. Unable to sit back and watch, Miss Anissina offered help. Or rather, she considered it a perfect opportunity to show off the superiority of her own brand products.

“Oh my, that happened because you didn’t use the Queen’s products together. With this magic-powered character erasing material, Letters disappear Butshavingsincrease, I shall completely erase it for you. Here, let me borrow it fo-ah!” (1)

“Ah!”

Because she had stuck her hand in from the side and forcefully pulled on it, the page with notes completely ripped off. The now single sheet of paper of the foreign country’s Poison Lady left Anissina and Wolfram’s hands and without

notice was snatched away by the wind.

“Ah.”

The paper lifted into the sky before our eyes like a kite on a windy day.

And then before long, it will probably set down in a country we don't know.

At that time, another person will likely become a Poison Lady.

(1) The name of the eraser in Japanese was just that, 'mojikieeru demokasufueeru' which translates to Lettersdisappe~ar Butshavingsincre~ase. The shavings being the eraser shavings left over when you erase something. The way the end parts are elongated into an '-eeru' kind of make them sound like fancy French names.

And that's the end of D World! Next I'm going to work on the official fanbook Ma Hon which has a bunch of little stories in it, one of which is longish (Getting to Know The Great Demon Kingdom by Walking Through a Ma!Town) and the rest are super short. The super short ones are 20 side stories that were on the Newtype website with misleading titles like 'Anissina x Gwendal' and 'Murata x Yuri x Wolfram' XD They're too short for their own posts so I'll be squishing them all together into one or two. There's also a short interview with Takabayashi-sensei about the territory map of The Great Demon Kingdom (mostly about how little thought she put into making it ^-^;;), but I don't know if I'll do that. It's really short so maybe I'll stick it in with the side stories.

After that, I'll be getting back into the novel series. It doesn't seem like Lrenne has picked up novel 8 again yet, so it looks like I'll be working on that one~

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood: exhausted

Current Music: Kyoukasho by The Mass Missile

Related release: Drama CD68 - The D World by miraclesmay

Kyo Kara Maoh Mini Drama – D no Sekai



Character:

Shibuya Yuuri – seiyuu: Sakurai Takahiro 櫻井孝宏

Wolfram von Bielefeld – seiyuu: Saiga Mitsuki 斎賀みつき

Conrad Weller – seiyuu: Morikawa Toshiyuki 森川 智之

Gwendal von Voltaire – seiyuu: Otsuka Akio 大塚明夫

01. D no Sekai/ D World Dの世界 (18:04)

Yuuri: “Takabayashi Tomo’s work, Maruma Series. Service from all the guardians. *Throb* All-men night trip”. What’s with this title? “Special Drama CD: D World”

Gwendal: – What a disaster. Why did this happen? Ah, Anissina!

Wolfram: – Brother Gwendal!

Gwendal: – Wolfram!

Wolfram: – Did you find the cause?

Gwendal: – Yeah. Where are His Majesty and Conrad?

Wolfram: – They are still wondering about the room. They’re still unconscious.

Well, Yuuri is just staggering but not hurt, though...Conrad is...

Gwendal: – What is it?

Wolfram: – He wants to protect Yuuri and he attacks reflexively so Gurrier is holding him back.

Gwendal: – Is that so...

Wolfram: – Brother. What’s the cause for this strange situation?

Gwendal: – It’s Anissina.

Wolfram: – Uh, I thought so. By the way, where is the person herself? From what I see, she’s not here in the laboratory either.

Gwendal: – She’s out. From the note she left, she’s using a teleportation device

to go to Carbel Nikov's place. But she's not important right now.

Wolfram: – How can that be? I don't care if she used a magical device or poison, but the Demon Lord and his aide have lost their minds because of her!

Gwendal: – Calm down, Wolfram. The cause is this.

Wolfram: – A book? A red leather emblem...

Gwendal: – That's right. Sir von Carbel Nikov's memo was also carefully put inside.

(01:52)

Wolfram: – What's that book? The title is..."Welcome to Poison Woman's world"?

Gwendal:- So it's the so called handwritten original. It's not finished and the back is blank.

Wolfram: – Please let me see it! What horrible handwriting... Um...

Gwendal: – These are the instructions she wrote: "Hello, good kids! 1. Be sure there is light in the room when you're reading. 2. The story contains the writer's passion and magical power. The original copy is especially dangerous, so amateurs should by no means get close..."

Wolfram: – "Heavy footsteps that seemed to make the earth tremor resounded closer. In the crowd of people running away screaming Gw..edal stopped and..".

Gwendal: – Wolfram! Wait! Don't say it!

Wolfram: – "alone....beyond... a far away forest..".*snore*

Gwendal: – Fool! What are you doing, getting dragged in the Poison Woman's world?

Hey! Don't cling to me! Ow! Eh! Don't climb on me! Hey, Wolfram! Don't pull my hair! It hurts! A!

[03:12]

Yuuri: *yawn* – Huh? Where am I? What's this rock? A grave!?

Conrad: – Your Majesty! Look up!

Yuuri: – Eh? Ehh!! A monster!

Conrad: – Watch out!

Yuuri: – Damn! A big spider! A spider! Spider! Spider! It was an unbelievably enormous spider, Conrad!

Conrad: – Shh! Don't provoke it. If we let it pass, it will be all right.

Yuuri: – Even if you say that, that thing's as big as a cow! Its legs are like Yozak's

arms!

[04:16]

Conrad: – It's all right now.

Yuuri: – *sigh* Hey...

Conrad: – Yes?

Yuuri: – What's this? Deja-vu? More like, this has been happening a lot lately, don't you think? I was supposed to be sleeping on the bed in Blood Pledge Castle, but when I wake up I'm always in a different place.

Conrad: – Well, it seems it's night time now though.

Yuuki: – Plus, I'm wearing pajamas with a chick pattern matching with Greta.

Conrad: – It's lovely.

Yuuri: – Hey, Conrad, do you think I may be sleepwalking?

Conrad: – I don't think you have that problem, Yuuri. Your sleeping posture is not bad either.

Yuuri: – Right? Then this has to be a dream, right?

Conrad: – Hm...I don't know that either.

Yuuri: – Eh!

Conrad: – Uh!

Yuuri: – Ah, sorry! I thought it was a dream so I kicked you with all my might!

Ah...I'm sorry! I've always wanted to kick a popular guy so I did it without thinking! Ah! Sorry, really! If it's not a dream, it must hurt a lot! Do you want me to pat your back?

Conrad: – I-I'm okay. I thought it'd go straight home so I didn't protect the vital point.

Yuuri: – Gunter taught me not to touch people's cheeks carelessly...

Conrad: – Heh, right. If you'd slap my left cheek carelessly, my Wolfram would probably faint in agony.

Yuuri: – Hahaha...I can't laugh at that. Ah! But it shocked me! What was that giant creature! And where are we anyway?

Conrad: – Yuuri, did you see the pattern on its back?

Yuuri: – On the spider? No, I didn't.

Conrad: – It said "poison". It wasn't some scribble, but the design on its back.

[06:05]

Yuuri: – "Poison"? Um...so then this is...

Wolfram: -We're in the Poson Woman Anissina's world!

Conrad: – Wolfram!

Yuuri: – Huh? How long have you been here?

Wolfram: – I just got here. Uh! What's this white garbage?

Yuuri: – Uh! Aren't those human bones?! Don't kick them, you'll get cursed!

Conrad: – No, this is probably from the skeleton clan.

Yuuri: – Kotchi? Ah, he's raising his hands! Wow, how lethargic. Their eyes are all dull. Uh, they don't have eyeballs.

Wolfram: – I see. I remember Poison Woman Anissina has a famous starting work.

Conrad: – “The graveyard was devastated by someone.”

Yuuri: – Ah, I know that one! It's about the Kotchi who go in the soft soil of the graveyard the middle of the night and when they mindlessly stay half in half out you hear a sound from behind as the earth tremors and–

All: – Huh?

[07:14]

Wolfram: – It's getting closer.

Yuuri: – A-an earthquake?

Conrad: – As you probably suspect, it may be a giant Posion Woman.

Yuuri: – It's that, after all? Huh? It stopped.

Wolfram: – Brother was saying that the red leather handwritten manuscript is the cause for everything.

Conrad: – Red leather? Ah!

Yuuri: – Ah, I read that! Greta brought it from somewhere yesterday night. I thought maybe I'd read a bit before sleeping but I fell down after a few lines.

Conrad: – That book was lying by the bed so I picked it up and read a bit from it...

Wolfram: – And you ended up falling asleep too, huh, Conrad?

Conrad: – I'm sorry.

Yuuri: – Huh? So we're in a dream, after all? Huh? But when I kicked Conrad's *** earlier, his reaction was real.

Conrad: – It hurt a lot.

Wolfram: – This isn't inside a dream! I told you we're in the Poson Woman's world!

Conrad: – Then it means that our souls have been trapped in the book's world?

Wolfram: – Probably. We're now characters in the Poison Woman's World. And what we do here affects our real bodies. The Blood Pledge Castle is in an uproar right now! The two of you are loitering around the castle still unconscious!

Yuuri: – Then you should do something to stop that! You're my fiance, aren't you?

Wolfram: – Idiot! Can't you understand what's happening, seeing me here with you?

Yuuri: – Huh? Um...

Conrad: – He also read the red leather book.

Yuuri: – Huh? Then Wolfram's loitering about too?

Conrad: – Probably yes.

Wolfram: – Cough, cough. I fainted in front of Brother, so you know! I shouldn't have ended up in a disgraceful state like the two of you!

Yuuri: – Don't say disgraceful!

boom

Yuuri: – Whoa!

Conrad: – It's close. It'll probably come out from behind those rocks.

Wolfram: – I-I don't like those kinds of things!

Conrad: – I know that. You were always drawing the Shinmakoku map on the bed the morning after a horror story night.

Yuuri: – The map?

Conrad: – Don't children do that a lot? More precisely, he wet the be-

Wolfram: – Don't tell him unnecessary things!!

Wolfram & Yuuri: – It's here!

[09:45]

Man: – There were people still here? It's dangerous, run away!

Conrad: – Huh?

Wolfram: – B-Brother?!

Man: – What did you say?

Conrad: – It's not...

Yuuri: – ...Gwendal, right? It's too dark so I can't see well, but he has a beard and looks a bit older too...No, if it's his actual age, he can't be older than Gwendal in the first place.

roar

Wolfram: – Uhh!!

Man: – We'll talk later. We have a refuge hut. Come after me!

Conrad: – Let's go.

Yuuri: – Yeah.

running steps

Wolfram: – This is the so called refuge hut? It's just a crude box! Plus, number one tenant! It's meaningless!

Yuuri: – Well, well, Wolfram. He saved us, so don't be so angry. Ah, there's a lot of these in Japan too.

Conrad: – If you fold them, it's easy to move them as well, right, Gwendal? Ah, that's not it. Um..

Man: – It's Gwedat.

Yuuri: – It's strange...

Conrad: – Right. I know you well. You're the Poison Woman Anissina's permanent victim.

Yuuri: – I can't believe we're meeting a character from a novel. It's just that that Destroyer Poison Woman was an unexpected appearance.

Gwedat: – It had a normal size before. The writer has decided to make it giant after a while. The poisonous animals have also become gigantic.

Conrad: – Oh, so that's why that spider was so big. Anissina's height is her complex after all.

Gwedat: – You said your brother looks like me, didn't you?

Conrad: – He does. It's probably that sir von Carbel Nikov modelled him after Bother

Gwendal: – That's enough for a reason. Then that brother of yours will never come to this world.

Wolfram: – Why? Brother has also read the red leather book

Gwendal: – It's because I'm here. Two same person can't be in the same place.

Conrad: – I understand. So it's made to avoid the overlapping of characters?

[11:59]

Gwedat: – That man must be well liked by the writer.

Wolfram: – What?

Gwedat: – The setting they made for me in this world has little connection to the main story. Those are probably all his. It's proof he's loved.

Yuuri: – Huh? So those two...

Wolfram: – Yuuri! Don't believe such terrible stories!

Conrad: – Your Majesty. If you value your life, forget what you just heard.

Gwedal: – What? you're not going to tell the writer?

Wolfram: – Of course not!

Yuuri: – By the way, Gwedal-san.

Yuuri: – By the way, Gwedal-san. What are you doing?

Gwedal: – What, you ask? I'm wearing a refuge tool in preparation for an emergency situation.

Conrad: – Refuge tool?

Yuuri: – That's a cardboard box...right?

Gwedal: – Card...? Does this have that kind of title? This is a mobile tool that I invented for emergency refuge. Anissina can't feel any smells because she's been affected by a poison she made. Plus, her eyes are very tired after pulling all-nighters for a few days. That's why if I hide in this box, it will be hard for her to find me even in close-combat.

Wolfram: – I understand the logic but why did you put that on now? The Poison Woman's not around.

Gwedal: – Hm..I don't know. But when I see this box, I always feel the need to put it on. I have this feel that it's my duty to put this on...how should I say...

Yuuri: – I-is that so?

Conrad: – Oh. A special fetish won't be easily understood by other people, right?

Yuuri: – Huh? That's how you'll take it?

CONrad: – As far as I'm concerned, I'm not very good with boxes. When I think about it, my left arm starts stinging.

Wolfram: – I don't really like them either. Brother probbaly hates them too.

Gwedal: – Is that so? So it means that everything's great because people are different, isn't that so?

Yuuri: – Uh, I'd say you missed the point a bit...

Conrad: – On short, it's better to be the only one than to be number one, isn't that so, your Majesty?

Yuuri: – "Isn't that so"? Even if you have that "I said something great just now" face...

Conrad: – Huh? Is it bad?

Yuuri: – More than bad...when you say something itchy like that with that face it kinda pisses me off.

Wolfram: – Eh! Stop the useless talk! I only want to know one thing! Gwedal, what should we do to return to Shin Makoku from this Poison Woman's world?

Yuuri: – Right! That's it! That was so close! I'd forgotten the most important thing.

Gwedal: – It's easy.

Yuuri: – Huh?

Gwedal: – This story is incomplete. Someone needs to finish writing it.

Conrad: – What do you mean?

Gwedal: – If you leave blank pages in the middle of the story, the world will be distorted and unneeded things are sucked into it like this time.

Yuuri: – So we're unneeded things, huh?

Gwedal: – That's why if someone writes the continuation, the distortion will be cancelled. If you incorporate the development that the writer goes back to her home town, you'll be able to get back to where you were before.

Conrad: – Even if that'd help us fix the bug, how should we tell Anissina to write the continuation? We're already characters in the book. We can't talk to her from here.

Gwedal: – It's okay. The sun started rising.

Yuuri: – Well, it's almost morning.

Gwedal: – This world didn't have a morning sun. Time was stopped in the middle of the night. The giant Poison Woman who came from the western forest, left through the eastern plains, and as time passes, the Poison Woman comes again from west. That kept repeating. But listen: You can hear her voice from the plains. The next Poison Woman is coming from east, along the sunrise.

[16:04]

Wolfram: – Is someone writing the continuation? Anissina was supposed to be away.

Gwedal: – Maybe she noticed what's happening and came back.

Wolfram: – Where are you going?

Gwedal: – I'm going to my Anissina. I'm a permanent victim, after all.

Yuuri: – Ah, so you're acknowledging that yourself.

Gwedal: – That's how it's written, and you actually rarely find a man who's in as

much danger as me.

Conrad: – He has a vitality and mentality our Brother doesn't.

Wolfram: – Anissina, is this the kind of man you like?

Yuuri: – When you say it like that, he kind of looks cool now! Here, Gwedat-san.
Your hide-and-seek cardboard.

Gwedat: – Thanks. Then, take care!

Conrad: – Your Majesty, we should also...

Yuuri: – Yeah.

Wolfram: – First, you should change somewhere, Yuuri. Those pajamas are excessively wimpy!

Yuuri: – I can't help it, can I? Okay, then let's get ready to go home...Ah, I remembered! Hey, Gwedat-san! Do you have anything to tell Anissina-san, the writer?

Gwedat: – From me to the author?

Yuuri: – Yeah! Like your complaints or discontent or what to fix! If you want to say something, I'll tell her!

Gwedat: – I'm a character in her novel. I won't wish for that much. I only want to ask you this:

Yuuri: – What is it?

Gwedat: – Please finish the story you're begun writing!

Yuuri: – Ah! Hahaha! Okay, I got it! I'll definitely tell her!

*I don't know what D World might mean. I'm wondering if it's: d=doku(poison).

This was requested to me by mail by *TerryBoom*. Thank you! I'm sorry it took so long to do it...